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### WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1871.

### WHOLE NUMBER, 738.

## Choice Loetry.

REVELRY OF THE DYING

ollowing remarkable poem appeared origina elena Magazine. It is supposed to have been lia, at the time the army was being mowed stillence, by an English officer, who did not so erful performance.)

- We meet 'neath the sounding rafter, And the walls around are bare; As they shout to our peals of laughter, It seems that the dead are there. But stand to your glasses, steady! We drink to our courades eyes; Quaff a cup for the dead already, And hurrah! for the next that dies.

- Not here are the goblets glowing; Not here is the vintage sweet; Tis cold, as our hearts are growing, And dark as the doom we meet. But stand to your glasses, steady! And soon shall our pulses rise— A cup to the dead already; Hurrah! for the next that dies.
- Not a sigh for the lot that darkles; Not a tear for the friends that sink; We'll fall 'midst the wine cup's sparkles, As mute as the wine we drink. So, stand to your glasses, steady! Tis this that the respite buys: One cup to the dead already; Hurrah! for the next that dies.
- Time was when we frowned at others;
  We thought we were wiser then;
  Ha' ha' let them think of their mothers,
  Who hope to see them again.
  Ne! stand to your glasses, steady!
  The thoughtless are here the wise:
  A cup to the dead already;
  Hurrah! for the next that dies.
- There's many a hand that's shaking;
  There's many a check that's sunk;
  But soon, though our hearts are breaking.
  They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
  So, stand to your glasses, steady!
  "Tis here the revival lies:
  A cup to the dead already;
  Hurrah! for the next that dies.
- There's a mist on the glass congealing;
  Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
  And thus does the warmth of feeling
  Turn ice in the grasp of death.
  Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
  For a moment the vapor files:
  A cup to the dead already;
  Hurrah! for the next that dies.
- Who dreads to the dust returning?
  Who shrinks from the sable shore,
  Where the high and haughty yearning
  Of the soul shall stug no more!
  Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
  The world is a world or lies:
  A cup to the dead already;
  Hurrah! for the next that dies.
- and to your glasses, we have left to prize

# Select Story.

### NICK OF THE WOODS; -OR.-THE JIBBENAINOSAY.

TALE OF KENTUCKY

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD, M. D.

CHAPTER IX. The course of Stackpole was through the woods, in a direction immediately opposite to that by which Roland had ridden to his assistance.

"He is going to the Lower Ford," said Telic, anxiously. "It is not too late for us to follow

. If there are Indians in the wood, it is the

"And why should we believe there are Indians in the wood?" demanded Roland; "because that half-mad regue, made still madder by his terrors, saw something which his fancy converted into the imaginary Nick of the Woods? You must give me a better reason than that, my good Telie, if you would have me desert the road. I have no faith in your Jibbenainosays."

But a better reason than her disinclination to travel it, and her fears lest, if Indians were abroad, they would be found lying in ambush at the upper and most frequented pass of the river, the girl had none to give; and in consequence, Roland, (though secretly wondering at her pertinacity, and still connecting it in thought with his oft-remembered dream.) expressing some impatience at the delays they had already experienced, led the way back to the buffalo-road, resolved to prosecute it with vigor. But fate had prenacity, and still connecting it in thought with his oft-remembered dream,) expressing some impatience at the delays they had already experienced, led the way back to the buffalo-road, resolved to prosecute it with vigor. But fate had prepared for him other and more serious obstructions. He had scarce regained the path, before he became sensible, from the tracks freshly printed in the damp earth, that a horseman, coming from the very river towards which he was bending his way, had passed by, whilst he was engaged in the woods liberating the horse-thief. This was a circumstance that both pleased and annoyed him. It was so far agreeable, as it seemed to offer that the road was open, with none of those dreadful savages about it, who had so long haunted the brain of Telie Doe. But what chiefly concerned the young soldier, was the knowledge that he had lost an opportunity of inquiring after his friends, and ascertaining whether they had really pitched their camp on the banks of the river; a circumstance which he now rather hoped than dared to to be certain of, the tempest not seeming to have been so violent in that quarter as, of a necessity, to bring the company to a halt. If they had sot encamped in the expected place, but, on the contrary, had continued their course to the appointed Station, he saw nothing before him but the gloomy prespect of concluding his journey over an unknown road, after night-fall, or returning to the Station he had left, also by night; for much time had been lost by the various delays, and the day was declining fast.

These considerations threw a damp over his spirits, but taught him the necessity of activity; and he was, accordingly, urging his little party forward with such speed as he could, when there was suddenly heard at a distance on the rear the sound of fire-arms, as if five or six pieces were discharged together, followed by cries not less wild and alarming than those uttered by the despairing horse-thief.

These bringing the party to a stand, the quick cars of the soldier detect

our darndest!"
With that he clubbed his rifle, and advanced

With that he clubbed his rifle, and advanced towards the party in what seemed a paroxysm of insane fury, brandishing the weapon and rolling his eyes with a feroity that could have only arisen from his being in that happy frame of mind which is properly termed "frightened out of fear."

"How, you villain!" said Roland, in amazement, "do you take us for wild Indians!"

"What, by the holy hokey, and a'n't you!" cried the stranger, his rage giving way to the most lively transports. "Christian men!" he exclaimed in his admiration, "and one of 'em a niggur, and two of 'em wimming! You're Capting! Forrester, and I've heerd on you! Thought there was nothing in the wood but Injuns, blast their ugly picturs! and blast him, 8y Jones, as was, that brought me among 'em! And now I'm talking of 'em, Capting, don't stop to ax questions, but run—cut and run, Capting, for there's an everlasting sight of 'em behind me!—six of 'em, Capting, or my name a'n't Pardon Dodge—six of 'em—all except one, and him I shot, the blasted

cut off; and night approaching fast, in which, without a guide, any attempt to retreat through the wild forest would be as likely to secure his destruction as deliverance;—these were circumstances that crowded into his mind with benumbing effect, engrossing his faculties, when the most active use of them was essential to the preservation of his party.

It was at this moment of weakness and confusion, while uttering what was meant to throw some little discredit over the story of Dodge, to abate the terrors of Edith, that the words of Telie Doe fell on his ears, bringing both aid and hope to his embarrassed spirits. She, at least, was acquainted with the woods; she, at least, could conduct him, if not to the fortified Station he had left, (and bitterly now did he regret having left it,) to the neglected ford of the river, which her former attempts to lead him thither, and the memory of his dream, caused him now to regard as a city of refuge pointed out by destiny itself.

"You shall have your way at last, fair Telie," he said, with a laugh, but not with merriment: "Fate speaks for you; and whether I will or not, we must to the Lower Ford."

"You will never repent it," said the girl, the bright looks which she had worn for the few moments she was permitted to control the motions of the party, returning to her visage, and seeming to emanate from a rejoicing spirit;—"they will not think of waylaying as at the Lower Ford."

With that she darted into the wood, and, followed by the others, including the new-comer, Dodge, was soon at a considerable distance from the road.

"Singular," said Roland to Edith, at whose rein

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STORY THE CLOUD THE CLOU pected to effect most advantageously by advanc-ing to some of the South-eastern stations, and throwing himself in the way of the first band of Informing himself in the way of the first band of militia whose tour of duty in the District was completed, and who should be about to return to their native State. He had got enough of the Ohio, as well as the Indians; the wildernes-road possessed fewer terrors, and, therefore, appeared to his imagination the more eligible route of es-cause.

## CHAPTER X.

and the second the control and an extended the second t is emberrassed spirits. Me, at least, was exqualted with the result of the first post of the first pos

"Where did you get them tomntoes?" asked an old Long Island farmer, the other morning, of a neighbor whose real estate yelded a product of sil, and on which there was not a tomato vine.

His basket was full of very fine, ripe specimens, which the farmer thought he recognized. It wasn't the first time that suspicion of his impecunious neighbor's honesty had arisen in his mind.

"Where did you get 'em!"
"Bought 'em.
"Who did you buy 'em off"
"Bill Van Brunt, on Crow hill."
"Ah! let us look at your hands."
With his basket on his arm he held out both hands for examination. "What do you want to look at my hands for! There aint nothing on to 'em."
"The old former was washing his own has here."

hands for examination. "What do you want to look at my hands for? There aint nothing on to 'em."

"The old farmer was washing his own hands at the time in a tin basin of rain water, with a wooden bowl of curdlest brown soft scap before him.

"No; there ain't nothing on 'em that you can see; but look a' here, set down your basket, and wash 'em. It's very coolin,' and your face and hands look hot." So saying, he emptied the basin, filled it with cold water, pointed to the soap dish, and relieved the hearer of his basket.

The first immersion and friction of the hand in the water let the cat out of the bag. It at once turned green; grew greener and greener every second, and at length was an intense dark green. "Here, Jim," said the old farmer to his towheaded son, "take in this basket and empty it, and bring it out again." Then turning to his honest neighbor, he said:

"You hooked them tomatoes from my patch not half an hour ago. Three or four of the top ones I knew in a minute. Here's your basket?"

If any reader of the Evening Post in the country would test the discovery of a theft, let him pick one or two tomatoes, separating the vines with his naked hand, and then wash it. There is a mysterious something about the plant, perfectly colorless, that instantly imparts the green, which can not be seen until water removes it.

One of the most interesting of the ancient mon-

can not be seen until water removes it.

ONE of the most interesting of the ancient monuments in Trinity churchyard, N. Y., is that which marks the grave of the first veteran printer of this continent, in whose office Benjamin Franklin sought employment:

"Here lies the Body of Mr. William Bradford, Printer who departed this Life May 23 1752 aged 92 years. He was born in Leicester shire in Old England in 1600 & came over to America in 1600 before Philadelphia was laid out. He was Frinter to this Government for nyward of 50 years and being quite worn out with Old age and labor he left this mortal state in the lively Hopes of a blessed Immortality.

Resider reflect how soen you'll quit this Stage You'll find but few attain to such an Age Lifes full of Pain. So heres a place of Rest Prepare to meet your GOD then you are blest.

E. E. HALE, at the recent celebration, in honor

Prepare to meet your GOD then you are blest.

E. E. Hale, at the recent celebration in honor of Miles Standish, being called upon to respond to the toast, "Rose Standish, the type of American women," said that "the women who came on the Mayflower solved the problem of emigration. All efforts to colonize this country had falled until they came. The men who came out did not succeed because they left their homes behind. The Puritans succeeded because they brought their Rose Standishes with them."

Sin Walter Scott was a great admirer of the genial work of humor, Irving a "Knickerbocker History of New York," and wrote to an American friend that his sides were sore with laughter when reading it to his wife.

THE compiler of Thomas Jefferson's private life relates of the great physical strength of Jefferson, that standing between two hogsbrads of sugar, lying on their sides, he could at the same time raise both upon their heads.

JOHN A. ANDREW'S favorite motto, "One constitution, one country, one destiny," was written in the college album of his friend, the Rev. Wm. W. Rand, of New York, when Andrew was nine-

Wz do not believe immortality because have proved it, but we forever tay to prove it leans we believe it.

Mags not a fool of thyself to make others;